

APPA-File

#20

November 1983



AUG. 28-31—Althing of the Asatru Free Assembly, at Anthony Chabot Regional Park, Oakland, California. Rituals, classes, workshops, bonfires, entertainment, viking games and feast. AFA members will vote in business session on a constitution, statement of purpose and other items. Admission: adults, \$25; kids under 12 years free. Contact: ASATRU Free Assembly, 3400 Village Ave., Denair, Ca. 95316.

APA - FILK

20th Mailing

1 November 1983

FAMILY JERKS

by Gene Heck,

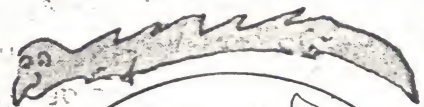
I hate these kids...



Mommy, Jeffry's going trick or treating as Mr. "T"!



Mommy, why did everyone give us bottles of Tylenol?



Now, maybe next year they'll be home for trick or treat!



Mommy, wanna see a great costume?



Ma, it's for you!



THE THRILL IS GONE

Saints Ordered To Drug Seminar

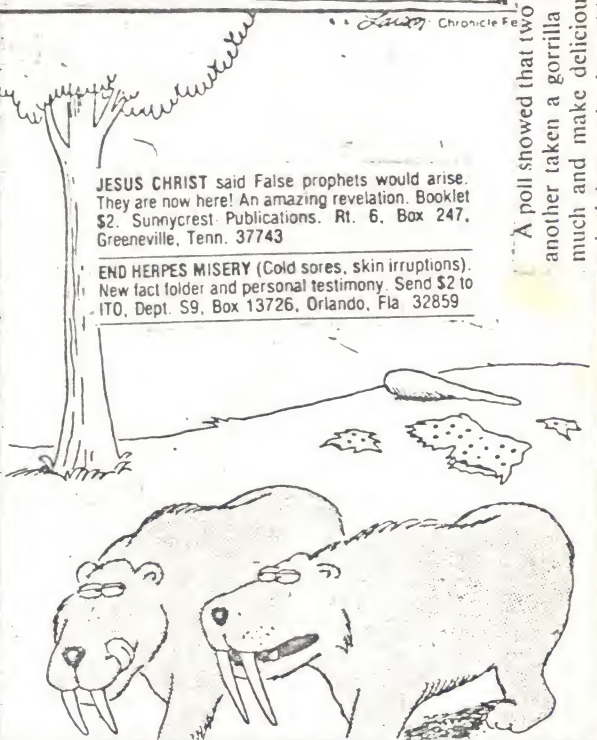
CLUBS & ORGANIZATIONS

SURVIVALIST AMERICANISM. Our organization teaches Constitutional Law, teaches against one-worldism, resists the Communist income tax, and has a very substantial SURVIVAL RETREAT in the mountains of northern Arizona. P.O. Box 3997, Kingman, Ariz. 86401



JESUS CHRIST said False prophets would arise. They are now here! An amazing revelation. Booklet \$2. Sunnycrest Publications. Rt. 6, Box 247, Greeneville, Tenn. 37743

END HERPES MISERY (Cold sores, skin irritations). New fact folder and personal testimony. Send \$2 to ITO, Dept. S9, Box 13726, Orlando, Fla. 32859



"I've heard all kinds of sounds from these things, but 'yabba dabba doo' was a new one to me."

A poll showed that two out of every three zoo workers has at one time or another taken a gorilla home to entertain at dinner. "They don't talk much and make delicious Banana Daquiries," said Milton Feebb who asked that we don't use his name.

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME OVER TO HELP DECORATE YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE, NEIL!



MY PLEASURE, DRABBLE! THAT'S WHAT CHRISTMAS IS ALL ABOUT... BEING WITH FRIENDS!



IT'S TRADITIONAL AND IT'S OLD-FASHIONED!



I LIKE OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMASSES, DON'T YOU?



Two for One
Recalling the Administration's most recent arms control offering, Democrats on Capitol Hill are now saying that President Reagan has a still newer build-down proposal: "You agree to stop two wars for every new one you start."

ANAKREON

#20, APA-Filk Mailing #20

Samhain 9983

1 November 1983

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(fifth supplement)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

413. Here's a cure for your depression,
Go with Ishtar for a session
At the world's oldest profession,
Which is good enough for me. (DN)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
It's good enough for me!

414. Oh Persephone began it
Winter made, but didn't plan it,
Just pigged out on pomegranate,
But she's good enough for me. (DN)

415. Oh we'll pray in long discourses,
To Epona's mighty forces,
Then we'll go and play the horses,
Which is good enough for me. (DN)

416. Oh, Gwydion with his powers
Put a maiden in Llew's towers;
Now he needn't send her flowers,
So she's good enough for me. (DN)

417. Great Rhiannon does abound,
And her birds make lovely sound,
But she doesn't horse around;
She's good enough for me. (DN)

418. Apollo, for you I am yearning,
To your light my eyes are turning,
Turn it down - my skin is burning,
But you're good enough for me. (DN)

419. Cretan goddess, hold your snake,
Nice and high for our sake,
Just don't drop it by mistake,
And you'll be good enough for me.
(DN)

420. Our immodest Cretan goddess
Wears an all-revealing bodice,
If we did that, men would prod us,
No, that isn't right for me. (DN)

421. Go to Stonehenge, stand there drooling,
To think some cavemen did the tooling,
When they got stones they weren't fooling,
They were good enough for me. (DN)

422. Oh, we have our rock and roll, man,
But our Neolithic soul men
Rolled some rocks and made a dolmen,
Which is good enough for me. (DN)

423. Pray to Arianrhod with feeling,
For she'll set your senses reeling,
'Cause her castle's so free-wheeling,
But she's good enough for me. (DN)

424. 'Cross the battlefield I hear drums,
For now Brigit's chorus near comes,
Been so loud they'll split your ear drums,
But they're good enough for me. (DN)

425. Ancient Celts had many gods,
To help even out the odds,
'Cause they fought with naked bods,
Which is good enough for me. (DN)

426. Oh, Demeter is a goddess
And the wheat she gives is gratis,
Praise her many orb'd bodice!
And she's good enough for me. (GS1)

427. Shake your sistrum for Great Isis
Rolled in natron and in spices,
She's a great gal in a crisis,
And that's good enough for me! (JJ)

(continued on p. 3)

PAGAN NOTES

Here is the sixth, now annual, collection of additional verses to the Neo-Pagan folksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". The first collection of 166 verses appeared in ANAKREON #6, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ years ago, and supplements have appeared in #8, #10, #12, and #16. If you would like any of these previous collections, send 25¢ for each.

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. It circulates through APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association of people interested in filk-singing - that is, in the creation and publication of derivative or parodic songs of science-fiction and fantasy fandom, and related fields including war-gaming fandom and the Society for Creative Anachronism.*

APA-Filk is collated on what, by coincidence or lack of it, are the four quarter-days observed in the Craft. The copy count is 50. If you would like to participate in APA-Filk, send your contributions and a few dollars for postage. The postage and printing accounts will be brought up to date in ANAKREON #21.

Every fourth issue of ANAKREON - the Samhain issue, as it happens - is devoted to the publication of yet more verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion". The next such collection will be in ANAKREON #24 on 1 November 1984. If you have a contribution of verses that you've created or collected, please get it to me by the end of September 1984.

The usual printing of ANAKREON is about 100. However, these "That Real Old-Time Religion" collections have much larger printings, as I can expect requests to be coming in for years from Pagans. Such issues also circulate through Pagan-APA, whose editor is John Patrick McClimans, P. O. Box 384, New York, N. Y. 10040.

This present collection of verses is the largest in three years.

<p>This is O At P Great E Intervals R This A Appears T To I Inflame O Optic N Nerves</p>	<p>Thanks are due to Russ and Ruthi Gulevich, and the other members of Prometheus Coven, who have sent in numerous verses. Another big contributor this issue is Diana Brynthowen, who disclaims responsibility for the verse, #383, that appeared over her mundane initials in ANAKREON #16. "I did collect it," she writes, "but it was written by Leovigild of Aralia...who by the way isn't from New York but from Connecticut." Well, as it happens, I have known Leovigild under his mundane name for 15 years, and have often visited him at his parents' house in Brooklyn. Diana gave his mundane name in the letter, but I don't like to identify Pagans' Craft names in public as many of them like to keep things separated.</p>
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1211 Some of these verses have already appeared in earlier Mailings of APA-Filk, but are here collected for the sake of completeness and the benefit of non-members who get these "OTR" issues of ANAKREON.

The Delu sisters have also sent in a few. Unfortunately, my own inspiration ran a bit thin this year.

The key to the initials of contributors is:

AD - Ardy De Lu	GSI - Gianni Siri	PC - Prometheus Coven
DD - Darien De Lu	JJ - Judith Judson	RG - Rus Gulevich
DN - Diana Brynthowen	JK - Jordin Kare	RtG - Ruthie Gulevich
GB - Greg Baker	MG - Marc Glasser	

420. "Men could chime in here, 'And that's good enough for me'." - DN

428-455. RG writes that these verses were collective efforts put together during parties by the entire Coven of which he is a member. Incidentally, he writes that PC has a publication called Witches' Annual, 100 pages for \$4.50. For further information write him at P. O. Box 383, Mastic Beach, N. Y. 11951

432. "Intentional misspelling of the name of a well-known cult." - RG

(continued on p. 6)

* - Don't ask me for information about them. They expelled me 12 years ago.

(continued from p. 1)

428. In 1960 I turned Pagan,
Threw the bird at Billy Graham,
Bill's crookeder than Fagin,
And not good at all for me! (PC)

429. Do you know why I would
rather
Be a Pagan? 'Cause I'd rather
Not address my priest as 'father'
('Cause you know what that makes
me!) (PC)

430. It was not good for Jim
Jones.
All that Kool-Aid kooled his bones.
In his own hell now he groans,
Which is good enough for me! (PC)

431. The Khomaniacs of Mahomet,
From their minarets should plummet,
Take with them their pious vomit,
It's not good enough for me! (PC)

432. When the Shitnenses come
ovah,
Bearing Shitness of Jehovah,
I go up in supernovah:
"Get out and blasted be!!!" (PC)

433. Tho' the Quakers bid all
quake,
They did give us a fair shake,
Sent no Witches to the stake
So they're okay by me! (PC)

434. Though there was a revolu-
tion,
And a clause in the Constitution,
Pagans still know persecution,
But we're winning, and we'll be
free! (PC)

435. We'll teach Paganism in
classes,
Sing the Real OTR at masses,
Knock the Falwells on their asses
With our solidarity! (PC)

436. We are sisters and brothers
And we all know one another
From one ocean to the other
And that's good enough for me! (PC)

437. All the signs are a-showing:
We are coming, they are going;
They are shrinking, we are growing,
So long, Christianity! (PC)

438. In the sky there is Svarog,
And the Sun is called Dazhbog,
And the wind-god is Stribog -
They're Russian gods, you see. (RG)

439. Tui nebesnaya Tsaritsa,
Raskrasavitsa Zhar-ptitsa,
Solntsa yasnogo sestritsa,
You're good enough for me! (RG)

440. There's one coven that's Teutonic-
Celtic-Qabbalist-Slavonic-
Welsh-Gardnerian-Maccaronic-
Here'editary! (PC)

441. Where's that place where demons
jump you,
And the perverts try to hump you,
And the heat's enough to slump you?
It's called the IRT. (PC)

442. When the Moon-Crown snagged his
Honor,
The High Priest thought: "I'm a goner!"
Now, tho' he's not quite a soprano,
He sings a good high-"C". (PC)

443. Silver Maiden, Fair Selene,
Of all gods you may be Queen,
But you're only seventeen,
And that's jailbait to me! (PC)

444. We will go to the Sabbat,
And no longer fear the Abbot
And we won't respect his habit -
He can shove it up a tree! (PC)

445. There are Pagans who like disco -
One or two who like disco -
Ship them west of San Francisco,
And dump them in the sea! (PC)

446. Bring your beers, both light and
brown,
Whiskey, wine and Merrydown,
'Cause we're gonna paint the town,
It'sh good enough for me! (PC)

447. For the glory of Astarte
We will throw one hell'va party,
Where the drinking will be hearty,
And the screwing will be free! (PC)

448. We will revel in the spring,
Beer and whiskey we will bring,
Crown John Barleycorn our king,
And he'll be good enough for me! (PC)

449. Piper-Heidsieck's efferves-
cence
(Dionysiac quintessence)
Puts us back to adolescence
And it's good enough for me! (PC)

450. Come and worship Chivas Regal,
Get thee higher than an eagle;
But don't do anything illegal,
Or it won't be good for thee! (PC)

451. We will honor Cutty Sark,
Run the Wild Hunt in the park,
Scare the pants off every nark,
Which is good enough for me! (PC)

452. Food and drink we will gorge-y
Have a good ol' Roman orgy;
Though it may not win a "Georgie",
Still it's good enough for me! (PC)

453. We'll be sozzled out of sight,
Plastered, pickled, nuked, and
tight;
Though we'll worship Ra-a-alph all
night,
We couldn't give a D___! (PC)

454. All we earn we'll blow on ale,
Drink it down by the pail;
Leave no money for the bail,
Or for the lawyer's fee! (PC)

455. Once a group of priests
Satanic
From their altar ran in panic
She turned out to be Dianic,
And made them sing high "C". (RtG)

456. Our chants are individual,
Polyphonic, good for ritual,
But they make you barf your
victuals;
Still they're good enough for me.
(RtG)

457. Our anointing oil's barbaric,
Made of hemp and fly agaric;
It will render you choleric,
And halfway up a tree. (RtG)

458. Our initiation's weird:
Through the beach sand you are
steered;
Then we grab you by the heard,
And throw you in the sea. (RtG)

459. Let's all follow after Pan,
Let's all follow after Pan,
Laying wood nymphs in the sand;
It's good enough for me.

460. Let us stay with Dionysus,
Drinking red wine mixed with spices,
Could you tell us where the ice is?
It's good enough for me.

461. Let us talk about Old Horny,
Let us talk about Old Horny,
Though the subject's rather thorny,
It's good enough for me.

462. Let us worship in the Circle,
Let us worship in the Circle,
Come on, slip out of your circle,
You're good enough for me!

463. Let us bow before the Lady,
Let us bow before the Lady,
Her third aspect's rather shady,
But She's good enough for me.

464. Let us sacrifice to Zeus,
Let us sacrifice to Zeus,
'Fore the thunderbolts cut loose,
It's good enough for me.

465. Now we should have thought of
Thor,
Now we should have thought of Thor,
Let's just hope he won't get sore,
He's good enough for me.

466. Let's all hear it for Allah,
Let's all here it now for Allah,
The god of the petro-dollar,
It's good enough for me.

467. Let's picnic with Elementals,
Let's picnic with Elementals,
We'll have beef stew and lentils,
Which is good enough for me.

468. It's a pity 'bout the Buddha,
It's a pity 'bout the Buddha,
His only rhyme is barracuda,
But he's good enough for me.

469. No one wrote a verse for Buddha,
Though I think they really coulda,
And I really think they shoulda,
He's good enough for me.

470. Oh, my roommate worships Buddha,
For there ain't no idol cuta,
Comes in sterling, bronze, and pewta,
Which is good enough for me.

471. Now let's have a verse for Juno,
For she is the Goddess to know,
She's the best at - well, you *know,
And she's good enough for me.

472. Now let's have a verse for Isis,
She stands by us in a crisis, *
And she hasn't raised her prices,
She's good enough for me.

473. Let us say a prayer to Freyja,
She's the Norse Queen of the May-a,
And she needs a man to lay ha-
She's good enough for me.

474. Let us worship good old Ganesh,
He's more elephant than mannish,
But his benefits don't vanish,
He's good enough for me.

475. For Allah and Ayatollah,
Oh, they're out to save your soul-a
By banning Coca-Cola,
It's not good enough for me.

476. Oh, we'll make a genuflection
For Priapian infection
To the old God of Erektion
So he'll make a man of me (thee).

477. There's no temper like Diana's
Best of all stag-party plannas
You men better mind your mannas,
She's good enough for me. (DN)

478. Now you've heard about Athena,
Gave her dad an aching bean-a,
Now he don't need sinus cleaner,
She's good enough for me. (DN)

479. Madame Pele uses Drano,
Puts it deep in her volcano,
Then the fires really rain, oh,
It's good enough for me. (DN)

480. Praise the Goddess now, by
golly,
Jews turned Pagans think it's jolly,
Pour the wine and cut the chally,
It's good enough for me. (DN)

481. We will cow-tow to anudda,
Goddess Hathor, She's the muddah,
Who's got beer inside her uddah,
Which is good enough for me. (DN)

482. Let us talk about Old Horny,
To relate to him is thorny,*
And he always leaves by morn - he
Is good enough for me. (DN)

483. Vestal virgins go make merry,
But they dare not lose their cherry,
For offenders they did bury,
Which is good enough for me. (DN)

484. It was good enough for Eleusis,
Where they drank those sacred
juices.
Her mystery has its uses,
And it's good enough for me. (AD)

485. It led Orpheus the poet
To face death and try to slow it
His songs and legends show it,
Which is good enough for me. (DD)

486. It was good enough for Ishtar
Whose star is still the Wishstar
Under which lovers kissed are!
Which is good enough for me. (AD)

487. It's the way of Mother Hera -
Who protects the childbearer -
She lives on in our era (E.R.A.)
Which is good enough for me. (DD)

488. It was good enough for Isis
Who can help you in your crisis.
Her symbols and devices
Are all good enough for me. (DD)

489. Where the atoms split in pico-
Seconds, I've found all I seek. Oh,
Yes, I'll worship old Enrico,
Who's a good enough Fermi. (JK)

490. Even fandom has its quota,
Worships gods like Spock and Yoda,
Herbie, Roscoe, FooFoo, Mota,
And there's Ghu enough for me. (MG)

491. We will sing a hymn to Hypnos
(ZZZZZ, ZZZZZ),
We will sing a hymn to Hypnos
(ZZZZZ, ZZZZZ),
We will sing a hymn to Hypnos,
Sleep's the god that pleases re!

492. If a data line you're given,
Try a PDP-Eleven.
It won't get you into heaven,
But it's good enough for me! (MG)

493. If you've got an old 360
You might run it just for kicks-ty,
But you'll never get it fixed-y;
It's not good enough for me. (MG)

494. I don't know just what the facts is,
But I'd rather program VAXes,
They won't pay your income taxes,
But they're good enough for me! (MG)

495. Now, a dial-up line can please;
Lets you work on C.R.T.'s,
Sitting home in B.V.D.'s;
It's good enough for me. (MG)

496. With equipment built by Tandem,
System failure isn't random;
More reliable than fandom,
And that's good enough for me. (MG)

497. Oh, we all send Boardman verses,
Don't know which of them the worse is,
Hope the gods we name don't curse us,
'Cause they're good enough for me! (DN)

PAGAN NOTES (continued from p. 2)

433. "William Penn, first Governor of Pennsylvania, dismissed charges against a witch, saying that there was nothing in the Bible against riding a broom." - RG

434. "U. S. Constitution, First Amendment." - RG

438. In a letter I asked RG what could be found to rhyme with Dazhdbog, the old Russian sun-god. He sent a whole list of rhymes, two of which appear here.

439. Translated from Russian to English, or vice verses, this becomes:

Thou Heavenly Queen,
Most beautiful Firebird,
Sister of the shining Sun -
Tui kharosha po mne.

440. "In a word: 'Eclectic'!!! The poetic term 'maccaronic' means verse that is written in a mixture of languages." - RG

446-454. "Vershesh written during a 'shpeshally drunken Shabbat." - RG

446. "Merrydown is an English mead. Not quite as dry as Mead Elizabethan, but it rhymes better." - RG

451. "'Cutty Sark' also refers to Nan, the pretty young Witch who wore that (under) garment in Robert Burns's poem 'Tam O'Shanter'." - RG "Cutty sark" is Scots English for "short shirt".

452. "'Georgie' is an award given yearly by the Georgian Church (Bakersfield, CA) for best contributions to advancing the Craft.

453. The last line is obviously to be sung as "...give a dee!" RG notes that the deity "Ra-a-alph" is mentioned back in Verse 286.

458. "Beardless females are grabbed by what grows lower down, but doesn't rhyme." - RtG

459-476. These verses were written by several Pagans in a van on the way to a rainy SCA festival in Pennsylvania, and are a collective effort.

492-496. These verses, by a well-known New York City folksinger and computer hacker, have the following chorus:

Give me that real-time religion,
Give me that real-time religion,
Give me that real-time religion,
It's good enough for me!

494. Alternate first two lines: "If your baud rate wanes and waxes,
Get yourself a couple VAXes."

495. As Starhawk points out in her latest book, Dreaming the Dark, the decline of the Craft in the 17th century coincide with the decline of cottage industry and the rise of capitalism. The home computer terminal, or "electronic cottage", may be returning us to those days!

496. "Tandem builds computers that are highly reliable, by dint of having two of everything in the one box...and, any time anything fails, automatically switches from the failed component to its counterpart." - MG It reminds me of the general design of human beings!

SINGSPIEL

20th Stanza
for APA-Filk
#20 (11/83)

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St.
#4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 212-330-3255
/ Oct. 22, 1983 - being typed on
John Boardman's typewriter following
the APA-Q/Graustark collations with
most everyone else in the next room
playing Civilization; John isn't.

=====

APA-Filk attended its first
Bermuda Triangle concert. Not the
apans, the issues. Taking them out to mail, but rerouted to a different
subway stop by repairs, I encountered no mailbox on the way - or between my
exit at W 4th and Folk City. So I held onto them during the concert, where
they were given the useful purpose of serving to steady a tape recorder.
They were eventually mailed near my house, back in Brooklyn.

Hearing the song "Lady of Spain" while traveling in that country last
month, I recalled a couple of lines I'd once heard: "Lady of Spain, I abhor
you / Right from the moment I saw you / (line?) / Lady of Spain, I hate you."

===== **THE MELODY LINGERS:** Comments on APA-Filk #19 & =====

COVER: "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written in Baltimore in Sept. 1813.
// I didn't get to any of the official filksings at ConStellation.

SINGSPIEL #19: You can't tell the wars without a scorecard. After all
our songs about Nicaragua, the fighting is in Beirut. Apropos of the Marine
Corps hymn, there is also a Tripoli in Lebanon.*// Add to hammer songs:
"Convoy."

10/25/83

SHARE & ENJOY/Marc Glasser: As a matter of fact, Verse #100 in the Board-
man collection of "Real Old-Time Religion" is about Ghu and Roscoe; there
are also verses on Vader and Yoda. By the way, considering Anthony Hope
did a sequel to his (the original Ruritanian novel), I've thought of "Re-
turn to Zenda." // Sure, run the LIRR song. - we have songs on planes ("Air
Canada"), trains, subways, ships, cars. (The "Greyhound" song is not a
filk.) // & Burwasser: I've run ideas, work in progress here for sugges-
tions. This is, after all, an apa not a songbook.

TECHNOCRATIC UNDERGROUND/Darren Suprina: Try omitting the quotes in the
third line of "Flip Flops": "No one can say it's faster than they ..."

DR ORBIT/Charlie Belov: Well, the song does say "Get Charlie off the MTA
line" (admittedly, they meant Boston's). Glad you like BART and MUNI.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM/Margaret Middleton: Enjoyed the Bloom County strips,
even if they were not filk-related. The BACOVER's was sent in by Belov.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: The Dungeon is a long way from the Roof. // Did
"The Vicar of Bray" inspire Gilbert's "Lord Mountarat's Song" in Iolanthe?
Talleyrand wasn't the first weathervane. And there have been a few Party
Line shifts since - from Cold War to detente and back again. And the
Labour Party's split and Tories firmly entrenched.

STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: Though a little is sung and what's spoken
doesn't rhyme, Alice's Restaurant sounds like Talkin' Blues.

Qwxbl/Greg Baker: I'll have to do a "Space Rabbi" "I Know the Plot" verse
ending "I could just plotz!" // Thendara Home Companion indeed! // A few
bars of the Marine Corps hymn could perhaps separate the two "Sandinista"
songs. Covertly. // There is already a "wheat/chaff" verse in "Gafiate."

Name the errors in the flier on the back.

* How about "Grenada"
to the tune of "Granada"?

♪ ♪

ENTERTAINMENT NEW YORK

Sat Aug 6th
tickets on Sale!

MUSIC

by Rob Chart

HOT ACTS

The Bermuda Triangle

Showtime is 9:30 p.m. It's 6 p.m. now, and there's a line down a city block. The line includes all types— young adults, children, teenagers, and middle-aged couples. The act that everyone's waiting for walks by to gain entrance to the club for their soundcheck. A roar goes up from the crowd. No, this is not the queue for the Rocky Horror Show. This is the Bermuda Triangle.

The Bermudas (as they are affectionately called by their fans) are a magical trio who spend at least three quarters of the year touring colleges and clubs throughout the country. Their hometown New York fans, however, are the most devout. It is these fans who add so much to the show and are indicative of the almost fanatical popularity the Bermudas have achieved throughout the country.

Roger, the male member of the trio, wears a red bandana (always) and plays electric autoharp and keyboard. Wendy, the ethereal and beautiful electric bass player, mesmerizes with a crystal clear soprano that's got to be one of the best in the business. Sam, the butt of most of Roger's jokes, is the pretty, pint-sized powerhouse drummer and fiddler.

Their music covers rock, Irish fiddle songs, country, bluegrass, and commercial new wave. Their appeal is as wide as their variety of styles. Grandparents and their grandchildren are equally at home hooting and hollering along with the Bermudas.

There is no doubt that the Ber-



The Bermuda Triangle Band

muda Triangle could be successful in any medium. A natural turn for them would be a hit TV music-variety series. Their music is contemporary. Their stage act is precise (even with constant ad-libbing and audience participation). Most importantly, though, is that their audience adores them.

The hard core of the Bermudas' audience has developed their own act, which is easily learned by newcomers. They take certain cues from songs and stage repartee and they act or yell out responses. They might all show up at a concert in red bandanas. They always wear their "Bermuda Triangle Groupie" t-shirts and buttons.

Perhaps one reason for the constant positive response from the audience is that a Bermuda Triangle concert is always fun. The rock songs are clever and well executed. The fiddle songs are festive and uninhibited. The novelty songs are wild and probably the Bermudas' strong point. "The Motorcycle Song," for example, has the audience singing along with their arms in the air as if they were revving up a cycle. When Roger laments the main character's untimely death (he's "squashed" by a train), the audience responds by holding zucchini in the air. Get it? Squash... zucchini. The audience is actually very funny and clever

and it's fun to watch newcomers being absorbed by Bermudamania.

A new song, "Video Depression," is one of the many original tunes that display the Bermudas' song-writing talent. They are equally adept at interpreting material. Wendy's rendition of the Moody Blues' "Nights in White Satin" is as spellbinding as her own original composition "Sad Song," which never fails to get less than a two-minute ovation. Roger displays his musicianship with a medley of classical and traditional songs performed on electric autoharp. The medley always brings the audience to their feet in a rousing show of appreciation. The fever pitch, however, is brought on by Sam and her joyous fiddle tunes.

The Bermuda Triangle is an experience not to be missed. They are one of the most talented and diversified bands around. No matter what your musical preference is, they will win you over. Be prepared, though. There are many people who thought that they were only going to a concert and they ended up being swept away in the large family of faithful and satisfied fans. See them live before television steals them away.

This is H E M I D E M I S E M I O U A V E R # 1 2
Published for APA-Filk #20 by
Jordin Kare 2523 Ridge Rd. #315 Berkeley, CA, 94709

Hi, folks. Long time no write. It's been a busy year, and it's still busy, so this will not be a long contribution — a very quick update on my status, filk and otherwise, and some comments on #17 and #19 (#18 being in a black hole somewhere at the moment)

I haven't done much filking outside of cons for a long time, and haven't written much new. I also haven't had much practice time, so my quality has suffered (or at best, not improved any). My bits of spare time have been eaten by some electronics consulting work, which is fun but puts demands — and a dollar value — on "spare" time.

Off Centaur is doing well, though it's chronically strapped for cash (and what small business outside of Silicon Valley isn't?) We've got a bunch of tapes out now, and Minus Ten and Counting is out as both book and tape — we're very proud of it. After Westercon in the summer we went out and bought a modest recording studio (4 track) that lives in the back room, so we could do decent recording and editing. It will pay for itself — eventually — I hope.... Our next purchase is likely to be a van — a beat up 1967 Dodge van that's been reworked internally by a good mechanic, with long-haul heavy duty parts — to haul us and friends and stock to cons.

Con-Chord, WesterChron, ConStellation ... too many cons to detail. ConStellation was so busy that I was exhausted, even though we arrived 3 days early and slept the first 2 of them away. Maybe the fact that we'd all been working 100 hour weeks making tapes — and then worked 36 hours straight before catching the plane by bare seconds — had something to do with it. I thought the filking was not of the best, though I was delighted to meet a few more APA-Filkers. The spread out hotels did most of the damage — people weren't willing to hike from the Hyatt to the Hilton, esp. late at night and with guitars, and I can't blame them. I heard that a lot of good people were hiding in room parties, too — if so, I'm sorry I missed them, but I don't know what to do about it. I'm eager to hear curious what the rest of you thought of the con.

FORWARD, INTO THE PAST

#17 SingSpiel: Mark: RE WBAI — every now and then we get a flurry of mail orders from particular cities, and can trace them to a radio broadcast. Plugs work — we hope that our tapes are slowly getting good enough to warrant the airplay.

#17-18 SuD: Lee: Thanks for the nice words on Westerfilk — I wish I could find #18 for more detailed comments — see below for why APA-Filk stuff is uncommon.... I've been too busy to write songs or zines — thesis + OffCentaur + consulting — but I don't know what other folks' excuses are for thin distributions. The "review" of Classified Ad songwriters' companies was fascinating. The trouble with putting Leslie Fish into StarWars 5.5 is that she'd probably be after Solo ... or would that be part of the plot....

#19 SingSpiel: Mark: RE sledgehammer — just put a label on it saying "Scansion adjustment tool" — (one lab where I used to work had a similar instrument for aligning photomultiplier tubes).

#19 Share and Enjoy: Mark: RE Westerfilk:

We did have some problems with WFII, as well as somewhat different aims. The big problems with the contents were 1) we were saving songs for other songbooks (Minus Ten, Dorsai) and 2) At the last minute Lucasfilm denied us permission to use any Star Wars songs. We had been assured (by someone associated with Lucasfilm's official Star Wars fan club) that there would be no trouble printing songs, but when we checked, we got a very nasty note back from the lawyers. This killed off 5 or 6 songs, most of them humorous and to existing tunes, thereby shifting the balance of the book drastically. Of

course, the Star Trek folks were also getting nasty about copyrights due to the success of the movies.... Anyway, we had lots of last minute juggling to do, and ended up with a much different balance of songs — and I must admit I like the selection in WFI better, too.

On the other hand, the production quality is better, once we got the typographical and printing bugs out. The first print run was a disaster. It's just as well you didn't get a copy at first — we're very embarrassed about it. It wasn't until this summer that we got the last of the book reprinted — for months we were playing catchup ("uh, oh, we only have 3 page 47's left...")

RE APA-Filk material in Westerfilk: reason iii is wrong — not only do I read the APA, but Teri Lee (our main editor-person) reads it thoroughly, and Cathy Cook (our musician and bookkeeper) usually skims it, at least. Reason iv is also wrong — there are very few people we deliberately leave out, even people we don't like, if the songs are good. Reasons i and ii I don't know — though I tend to think of APA-Filk as a place for conversations and for tossing out quickies, in jokes, parodies, etc. — my occasional major efforts tend to go into Off Centaur stuff (obviously) or to Kantele, just because the audience is wider.

Mostly, though, the trouble is that we go by what we hear more than by what we read. Unless I happen to know the tune (seldom — my musical background is zilch), or it has sheet music, I can't sing things — and by the nature of West Coast sings, I have to really love a song before I'll use up turns doing it in public, even if it's good. Songs do migrate out here from the East Coast (e.g. Song of the Shieldwall) but relatively few of them are from APA-Filk. A preference for room sings may be part of this — If you sing for big crowds, someone's liable to pick up the song and carry it out here (though if it's Gary Anderson, we may never learn the tune anyway....) Mark, there's no question that if you lived in Berkeley, we would probably have put "Gafiate" in something, and in fact we probably will put it on the "Best of Constellation" tape now that we've heard it. But we have to hear things, usually in person, before we consider publishing them, which usually means someone on the West Coast has to sing them — which is why we call them Westerfilk collections.

#19 FDITD: Harold: Thanks for the plug for -10. You do bring up another point — as Teri wrote to Lee, we really do have trouble using copyrighted songs, though we're learning the ropes (i.e. who has to get paid how much) and can occasionally make exceptions. But in the end, it all boils down to what the editor(s) see and like — and believe me, the Off Centaur Triumvirate has some fierce arguments about what gets into the books....

#19 Anakreon: John: I like Mapmaker, Mapmaker. One of the oddest comments on our tapes from Constellation is someone introducing a song by saying, in all seriousness, "This is a song about something that really happened — to my D&D character."

#19 SuD: Lee: Sing Out is still around, but was in suspended animation for a while due to lack of funds. I believe they are now publishing the magazine again, as opposed to their interim newsletter/fund raising request. The name on the postcard is Teri V. (for Valayna) Lee. Gary Anderson does talkin' blues — he's written one about his own singing, and a couple about his years spent on airliners ("...I'm finished now, I think/ The guy in front just leaned right back/ and shook dandruff in my drink"). They're very good, and he does them with very simple guitar backup.

Enough!

STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. V, #4 SuD Samhain

STRUM UND DRANG, perpetrated by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781.

And for our annual language lesson: "Samhain" is pronounced either "SA-win" or "SA-vin". Not "Sam Hane."

t w a n g s

COVER (Blackman): Hate to pick nits, but did Key have anything to do with putting his poem to "Anakreon in Heaven"? I suspect he'd've had better taste.

SINGSPIEL (Blackman): Stairwells have the advantage of being self-advertising and limited in number. You can cover all the stairways in a building in a short time, and no matter which floor you or the sing is on, you hear it.

SHARE & ENJOY (Glasser): No doubt you could, since you seem determined to turn criticism into an argument.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM (Middleton): Will "Jacques Chretien" be in there, or doesn't "Brothers" count? If it is, will it be to the tune in "Brothers", or to "Roddy McCorley"? // My copy of Ross's address has General Delivery. // Clam Chowder sings "Barrett's Privateers". Since the chorus is about three times the length of the verse, singing the chorus is an accomplishment of sorts.

FILK TIL DAWN (Groot): Yipe. I suggest you take care of your health. // Do practice lower-case for the articles, they're easier to read that way. And yes, it's worth learning touch-typing. There are self-teach manuals out. I'm told that a man who can type well, often finds it an advantage.

ANAKREON (Boardman): "Mapmaker" should interest a bunch of acquaintances of mine. (Did you ever get into my modular dungeons? The route back changes.) // "Maid Went a-Bathing" also in McCurdy's BAWDY BALLADS OF SHAKESPEARE'S TIME. // Y'know, I'd got the impression that the Vicar of Bray was a composite of several generations. I never did bother to check the reigns on a chronology. Thanx.

SuD (me): See below.

QWxb (Baker): I assure you, I was quite satisfied before.

s i n g i n g o u t

The company we keep!

I got this note in the mail from one Pete Seeger. With updates of assorted information.

SING OUT is now a quarterly, \$11/yr, Box 1071, Easton PA 18042.

"Woody brought the 'Talking Blues' to New York. A man named Robert Land did it on the Grand Old Opry in the 30s, and claimed to have invented it, but of course it's much older--Afro American."

Also sent me chords for it:

G ' C '
D ' ' '
G ' C '
D ' G '

I think a new page
is in order

= 2 =

Now, from the top:

G / C /

D / / /

G / C /

D / G /

G / / /

C / / /

D / / /

G / / /

} with a note that this can be more
irregular (couldn't very well
be less, could it?)

royal purple

The following is not quite as romantic as it seems.

Our heritage has scant use for kings. As the toast goes: Here's to the man in the mask--and here's to the man who'd do it without a mask. But in medieval England, at any rate, king and commons were natural allies.

A generation after the barons forced King John to sign Magna Carta, the next class down tried to cut themselves in on some of those Great Charter rights. Naturally, the barons were furious. Their rights against royal power was a holy cause; lesser men's rights against their power was devilish chaos. The generation after that was Edward I, who saw that if he forced the barons to keep the Great Charter to their social inferiors, their wings would be as clipped as his. In an era where the rights of commoners were more like humane laws than any civil rights we would recognise, king and commoner had equal interest in curbing the magnates' powers.

Imagery here is of course from Wat Tyler's rebellion. That one failed, but the evolutionary change continued. Successful kings and queens, allied with commons, slowly sanded down the nobility. The crown got sanded too, along the way, which makes the tune nicely ironic. You can hear the King on the Steeleye Span album. The tune is written out in the O.A.T. DRINKALONG SONGBOOK, along with a note on what the song is really about. King Wren was sacrificed and buried on Twelfth Night.

the king

Our king set us free; Our captain is he.

And we, for all our part, Do pledge him all our hearts.

We had labored many years, In fetters and tears;
And our king, thruout his young reign, Was bound in gilded chain.

Now the magnates' day is past. Over-reached themselves at last:
Pride and greed, and now a great fall. We com to our king's call.

We were axes, bows and spears. We were butts of blows and jeers.
All unnoticed we draw nigh To watch the magnates die.

Our king set us free. Our captain is he.
Now let each but do his part, And this is but the start.

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn

verse 5, part 4

for APA-FILK 20

"FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN" IS EVIDENCE TO BE USED AGAINST HAROLD GROOT,
2285 DEBORAH DR. #2, SANTA CLARA CA. 95050 (408) 985-9564. AS USUAL,
YOU ARE GOING TO GET HIT RIGHT OFF THE BAT WITH A FEW

GRACE NOTES

MARK - YOU COULD TRY AS A THIRD LINE "BUT CRUTCHES NEED NOT BE FOREVER"

MARC - I DID A RATHER POOR FANNISH GHODS VERSE A WHILE BACK. YOURS IS
MUCH BETTER.

DARREN - WELCOME. HAVE YOU HEARD "FLOPPY DISKS" TO THE TUNE "RUNAWAY"?

CHARLES - WELCOME TO THE BAY AREA. I HOPE TO SEE YOU AT A FILK SOON.
ALTHOUGH THEY MOSTLY DISAPPEARED OVER THE SUMMER, THEY
SHOULD RETURN.

MARGARET - WELCOME BACK. YES, THINGS HAVE CHANGED QUITE A BIT. DO
TRY TO LOCATE STAN ROGERS' ALBUMS. HIS DEATH WAS A GREAT
LOSS, BUT HE LEFT BEHIND MANY TREASURES.

JOHN - I LIKED "MAPMAKER" AND YOUR ANNOTATION OF "THE VICAR OF BRAY"

LEE - IS "GOD'S OWN DRUNK" AN EXAMPLE OF "TALKING BOOZE"?

GREG (AND MARK AND MARC) - THE TROUBLE WITH SONGS TO THE TUNE "SHAVING
CREAM" IS THAT THEY TOTALLY IGNORE THE CHANGE OF PACE THAT
THE ORIGINAL HAD. THE IMPLIED RHYME WAS A SHOCK (IN THOSE
DAYS), AND THE SWITCH TO THE WORDS "SHAVING CREAM" WAS A
RELEASE. THE NEW SONGS SIMPLY DON'T HAVE THE TENSION/RELEASE
THAT MADE THE ORIGINAL SO STRIKING. AS FOR YOUR COMPUTER...

WHEN I GET OLDER, RICHER THAN NOW, I WOULD LIKE TO BUY
ROM AND RAM AND KEYBOARD AND A C-R-T
TEACH IT TO PLAY FILKSONGS FOR ME
BUT NOW YOU SAY IT WON'T MAKE A SOUND, IT'S STILL STUCK IN CORE
GUESS I WON'T TRY A, GUESS I WON'T BUY A,
COMMODORE 64

(From the musical Damn Yankees)

BUT THEN HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

by Harold Groot

TUNE: BUT THEN HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE GAME, from DAMN YANKEES

REBEL CAPTAIN (SPOKEN)

MEN, IF THIS REBELLION IS TO SUCCEED WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR MINDS
AND BODIES PURE. NO DRINKING. NO WOMEN. NO LATE HOURS. NO
WOMEN...

(SUNG)

WE'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT THE FORCE (THE FORCE, THE FORCE)
WE'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT THE FORCE (THE FORCE, THE FORCE)
BOOZE AND BROADS MAY BE GREAT,
THOUGH THEY'RE GREAT THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT
WHILE WE THINK ABOUT THE FORCE

PILOT #1

THEIR WAS THIS WAITRESS BACK AT OLD MOS EISLEY
PICKED ME UP AND SURE SURPRISED ME (YEAH? YEAH??)
SAID SHE'D LIKE TO TAKE MY ORDERS
NOT JUST THERE, BUT IN HER QUARTERS (YEAH? YEAH??)
SO AFTER WORK WE WENT BACK TO HER DOME
THE LIGHTS WERE LOW, AND WE WERE ALL ALONE.....

(YEAH? YEAH?! YEAH !?! YEAH?!?!)

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(THE FORCE, THE FORCE)

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(THE FORCE, THE FORCE)

THOUGH HER EYES SURE HELD THAT GLOW

I JUST SAID "IT'S TIME TO GO"

WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE)

PILOT #2

HOW 'BOUT THAT BLONDE FROM ALTAIR SEVEN

BOY, WAS SHE A PIECE OF HEAVEN

(YEAH? YEAH??)

CUTE AND STACKED AND QUITE AN EYEFUL

HADN'T SEEN A MAN SINCE RIGEL

(YEAH? YEAH??)

SHE SAID SHE LIKED HER MEN BOTH BIG AND BOLD

AND SUGGESTED WE INSPECT THE CARGO HOLD.....

(YEAH?? YEAH?!? YEAH??!! YEAH?!?!?)

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(THE FORCE, THE FORCE)

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(THE FORCE, THE FORCE)

THOUGH HER OFFER WAS QUITE PLAIN

I JUST SAID "I CAN'T REMAIN"

WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE)

PILOT #3

HOW 'BOUT THAT CRYOGENIC FREIGHTER

HALF A THOUSAND COLD PERTATERS

(YEAH? YEAH??)

I WAS IN THE MOOD FOR LOVIN'

SO I BUILT A RADAR OVEN

(YEAH? YEAH??)

500 GALS, ALL HORNY (FROM THE CHILL)

I DIDN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH - I WROTE MY WILL.....

(YEAH? YEAH?!? YEAH?!? YEAH??!!)

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(THE FORCE, THE FORCE)

BUT THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE

(THE FORCE, THE FORCE)

WELL, IT GAVE ME SO MUCH JUICE

THAT I EVEN TOOK ON BRUCE

WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FORCE!

SINCE LASTISH, THE PENNSIC WAR AND WORLDCON WERE HELD. THEY WERE QUITE ENJOYABLE IN AND OF THEMSELVES. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY HAD MUCH LESS TO OFFER IN A FILKING LINE THAN I HAD HOPED FOR.

THE PENNSIC WAR IS STARTING EARLIER AND EARLIER. THIS YEAR I ARRIVED THE SATURDAY BEFORE THE WAR STARTED, AND THERE WERE AROUND 100 OR SO PEOPLE THERE. BY WEDNESDAY THERE WERE AROUND 800. AS THE WAR DEVELOPES IT'S MIDDLE AGE SPREAD (PUN INTENDED), THERE IS LESS URGE TO ORGANIZE THINGS SUCH AS BARDIC CIRCLES. IF ONE WILL BE AT AN EVENT FOR ONLY TWO NIGHTS, IT MAKES A LOT OF SENSE TO ORGANIZE A SPECIFIC TIME FOR SINGERS TO GATHER. BUT WHEN THE SINGERS ARE GOING TO BE THERE FOR A WEEK OR SO, THERE ARE PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES TO HEAR THEM AROUND A CAMPFIRE, OR CASUAL SINGS, OR PERHAPS THEY'LL PERFORM AT YE OLDE PENNSIC INN, AND SO ON. THE TROUBLE WITH THIS ATTITUDE IS THAT IT LEADS TO COMPLACENCY. "PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITIES" LEADS TO MISSED OPPORTUNITIES. IT ALSO DENIES THE NON-PERFORMER THE OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR A COLLECTION OF SOME OF THE FINEST BARDS AROUND. THE COLLECTIONS SIMPLY WEREN'T FORMING AS OFTEN THIS YEAR. I THINK IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO CONTACT OTHER BARDS AHEAD OF TIME TO PLAN/RESERVE TIME FOR A GOOD BARDIC CIRCLE. WHILE IT HAS TRADITIONALLY BEEN HELD AFTER WAR COURT, THAT NEEDN'T BE THE ONLY TIME. IT WOULD BE VERY NICE TO SEE TWO ORGANIZED BARDIC CIRCLES, PERHAPS ON THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

THE WAR ITSELF WAS VERY WARM, WITH TEMPERATURES MOSTLY IN THE 90'S, SO THE SWIMMING HOLE WAS VERY POPULAR. THERE WERE THE USUAL POLITICAL RUMORS, ETC. THE KINGS OF THE EAST AND MIDDLE APPARENTLY HAD DECIDED NOT TO BUY THE SERVICES OF ANY MERCENARY GROUPS, WHICH GOT MANY OF THEM VERY UPSET. THE PRICES ARE NOMINAL, BUT A WELL DEVELOPED MERCENARY PERSONNA DOESN'T LIKE TO BE TOLD THAT HE (OR SHE) HAS TO FIGHT FOR FREE. EVENTUALLY THE EAST WOUND UP BUYING ALMOST ALL THE MERCENARIES, AND HAD NO TROUBLE WINNING THE WAR WITH THE DECIDED EDGE IN MANPOWER. THE MIDDLE WON THE CHAMPIONS BATTLE (EVEN NUMBERS) AND THE ARCHERY CONTEST (WHERE THEY HAD THE NUMBERS ADVANTAGE), AND THE EAST WON THE FIELD, CAUSEWAY AND WOODS BATTLES. THE NEWSPAPER WAS VERY WELL RECEIVED, THE INNS ARE MORE POPULAR THAN EVER, AND THE AMOUNT OF EQUIPMENT BEING BROUGHT BY THE ARMORERS IS INCREASING GREATLY. ONE HAD AN ARC WELDER, A BAND SAW, A DRILL PRESS, AND SEVERAL SMALLER DRILLS AND THINGS. THERE IS TALK OF PUTTING THEM BEHIND THE BARN NEXT YEAR, AS THEY UPSET MANY PEOPLE BY MAKING MUCH NOISE IN THE EARLY MORNING (6 AM).

WORLDCON WAS AN EVEN BIGGER DISAPPOINTMENT, AS FAR AS FILKING WENT. IT WAS VERY OBVIOUS THAT A LOT OF GOOD FILKERS WEREN'T THERE FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER. SOME OF THE REASONS WERE VERY GOOD, BUT THE SINGS WERE STILL DISAPPOINTING. WHEN I ARRIVED ON THURSDAY NIGHT, THE SING WAS DOMINATED BY WEST COAST FILKERS (BY NUMBER, NOT AGGRESSION). WHILE I ENJOY THEIR SINGING, I HAD REALLY HOPED TO HEAR NEW MATERIAL SUNG BY NEW PEOPLE. I STAYED FOR FEWER AND FEWER HOURS THE NEXT THREE DAYS. I DID MISS WHAT I WAS TOLD WAS A GOOD SING ON EARLY SUNDAY NIGHT (I WAS IN A LATE-RUNNING D&D TOURNAMENT AND DIDN'T GET THERE UNTIL 3 A.M.). THE PHYSICAL SETUP CONSISTED OF THREE ROOMS. THERE WAS A "MAIN" ROOM, A SECONDARY ROOM, AND AN ALMOST UNUSED ROOM. IT STARTED OUT AS A BARDIC-CIRCLE-ROOM AND AN EAST-COAST-SINGALONG ROOM, BUT THE EAST COAST STYLE SORT OF DIED OUT OVER THE DAYS. I STAYED MOSTLY IN THE BARDIC CIRCLE/MAIN ROOM. WHILE I SAW DIERDRE, JORDIN, AND MARC, I DIDN'T SEE OTHER PEOPLE FROM THE APA AT THE FILKS THEMSELVES, EVEN THOUGH I SAW SEVERAL OF THEM AT THE CON.

THERE WAS AN IDEA PUT FORTH AS A POSSIBILITY FOR NEXT YEAR, THOUGH, THAT I THINK MERITS SOME DISCUSSION. SINCE THE MAIN FILK TAKES SO LONG TO GO AROUND A CIRCLE, SEVERAL PEOPLE COMPLAINED ABOUT THE LACK OF SPONTANEITY. THERE WAS PRESSURE NOT TO JOKE TOO MUCH BETWEEN SONGS, SINCE THE NEXT PERSON IN THE CIRCLE HAD PROBABLY BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO PLAY. THOSE PEOPLE WHO HIT IT OFF VERY WELL IN A SMALL GROUP FELT DILUTED IN A LARGE ONE, AND SO FORTH. TO ALLEVIATE THESE COMPLAINTS, CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING: TAKE ONE OF THE ROOMS AND HAVE IT AVAILABLE FOR PERFORMANCES ON A RESERVATION BASIS. WHOEVER RESERVES IT MAKES THE RULES FOR THEIR TIME SLOT (SINGALONG, BARDIC CIRCLE, MIDWEST JUMPING JACK, STRICTLY SOLO, OR WHATEVER). EACH PERSON IN THE GROUP MAKING THE RESERVATION COULD BE GIVEN 15 MINUTES, SO A GROUP OF FOUR COULD GET AN HOUR, ETC. PERHAPS MARGARET MIDDLETON, GORDIE DICKSON, MURRAY PORATH, BOB ASPRIN, CLIF FLYNT AND BILL ROPER WOULD TAKE AN HOUR AND A HALF, FOLLOWED BY JULIE EKLAR, LESLIE FISH, CATHY COOK AND JORDIN KARE FOR AN HOUR, FOLLOWED BY.... BALCON USED TO SCHEDULE PERFORMANCES DURING THE DAY, AND THEY WERE VERY WELL RECEIVED. PERHAPS THE SAME THING WOULD WORK AT NIGHT. OR PERHAPS IT WOULDN'T. I WOULD LIKE SOME COMMENTS ON THIS. WOULD THIS ENCOURAGE THE GOOD FILKERS TO SHOW UP AND STAY, OR WOULD THEY JUST SHOW UP, HAVE THEIR FUN, AND LEAVE? WHAT WOULD THE EFFECT BE ON THE OTHER FILKERS IN THE OTHER ROOMS? WILL THEY LOSE THEIR AUDIENCE TO THE PERFORMANCE, OR WILL THE AUDIENCE STAY WHERE THEY HAVE THE PICK/PASS/PLAY OPTION? SHOULD WE TRY TO HAVE PERFORMANCES DURING THE DAY, PERHAPS? JULIE EKLAR WAS WELL RECEIVED PERFORMING DRAGONSONGS DURING THE DAY AT THIS LAST WORLDCON.

THE FOLLOWING IS A MESSAGE FROM PROPHETS OF DOOM, INC.

I HAVE HEARD MASQUERADES SEVERELY CRITICIZED BECAUSE THEY HAVE GROWN TOO LARGE TO BE HANDLED, AND I FEAR THAT FILKSINGS MAY BE HEADING THE SAME WAY. SHOULD THERE BE AN OFFICIAL MODERATOR TO ENSURE THAT THINGS KEEP MOVING? WILL FILKERS STAND FOR REGIMENTATION IF THE RULES ARE CLEARLY STATED AHEAD OF TIME? WILL WE GET SO LARGE AND AWKWARD THAT THE BEST FILKERS WILL HAVE CLOSED ROOM-FILKS JUST TO GET AWAY FROM THE REST OF US? WILL EVEN THE AVERAGE FILKER DECIDE NOT TO COME BECAUSE "IT SIMPLY ISN'T WORTH THE HASSLE"? WHILE WE HAVE ALWAYS HAD STAR PERFORMERS, THERE WAS USUALLY OPPORTUNITY FOR THEM TO SHOW OFF IF THEY WISHED IT. NOW THAT CIRCLES ARE SO LARGE THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DOMINATE BY FORCE (A LESLIE FISH OR A JULIE EKLAR CAN STILL DOMINATE BY BEING THE SUBJECT OF NUMEROUS REQUESTS, BUT THERE DOMINATION IS BEING FORCED UPON THEM), HOW DO WE KEEP SINGALONG AND SOLO, BARDIC CIRCLE AND PERFORMER, STAR ATTRACTION AND NEOPHYTE ALL HAPPY? I DON'T KNOW. SO FAR, THIS PROBLEM HAS BEEN MOST APPARENT AT WORLDCONS AND WESTERN FILKCONS (AT THE TOLEDO FILKCON, THERE WAS NO REAL PROBLEM BECAUSE THE PERFORMERS CIRCLE WAS COMPOSED ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY OF THOSE PEOPLE USED TO IT, AS WAS THE AUDIENCE). AT WORLDCONS, YOU HAVE SHEER NUMBERS COMPOUNDED BY A MIXTURE OF STYLES. AT WESTERN FILKCONS YOU HAVE NUMBERS COMPOUNDED BY THE STYLE, RESULTING IN THE BARDIC CIRCLE THAT TOOK 4 1/2 HOURS TO GO AROUND ONCE (I HAVE NO INFORMATION ON THE TULSA FILKCONS). IT'S TOO LATE TO ARGUE ABOUT THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF DIFFERENT STYLES, WE HAVE TO LOOK AT IT AND SAY "HOW DO WE HANDLE THE MIXTURES THAT WE KNOW WILL BE COMING?" YES, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, REPENT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.....

THIS CONCLUDES OUR MESSAGE FROM PROPHETS OF DOOM, INC.

Keep on Filking!
(5)

BEYOND THE FRINGEFAN
presents

EE EE EE		AAAAA	NNN NN	DDDDDD		EEEEEEEEEE
EE EE EE	:: ::	AA AA	NNNN NN	DD DD	:: ::	EE EE EE
EE EE EE		AAAAAAA	NN NNN	DD DD		EE EE EE
EE EE EE	:: ::	AA AA	NN NNN	DD DD	:: ::	EE EE EE
EEEEEEEEEE		AA AA	NN NN	DDDDDD		EE EE EE

RR RRRR	7777777	NNNNNNNNNN
RR RR	7	NN
RR RR	7	NN
RR RR	7	NN
RRRRRRRRR	7	NNNNNNNNNN

AAAAAAA	This is SHARE AND ENJOY, the spa-zine with	JJ
AA AA	G.P.P. (Genuine People Personality), created	JJ
AA AA	at stochastic intervals for APA-FILK and Ghu	JJ
AA AA	knows whom else, by Beyond the Frinsefan	JJ
AAAAAAA	a/k/a Marc S. Glasser, of One, Two, Three,	JJJJJJJJJ
HHHHHHHHH	Many, 41 Eastern Parkway, #10-B, Brooklyn,	00000000
HH	New York 11238 (and electronically reachable	00 00
HH	at (212) NEO-LOC-8). Issue #7, a quickie	00 00
HH	one-sheeter, would be a minac-saver if FILK	00 00
HHHHHHHHH	had minac requirements, which it blessedly	00000000
	does not; it's dated November 1983 and in-	
	tended for APA-FILK #20. This is a combined	YYY
SS SSS	production of Syscrash Programmers and Quick	YY
SS SS SS	Brown Fox Press, both subsidiaries of Thisa-	YYYYYY
SS SS SS	majis Inc., and is copyright © 1983 by Marc	YY
SS SS SS	S. Glasser. And if tin whistles are made of	YYY
SSS SS	tin, what do they make fos horns out of?	

The main reason this is coming to you is to provide the lyrics and chords to "Change at Jamaica Farewell", which Mark Blackman mentioned last time. The friend who wrote it (who is far more involved in railroad and transit fandom than the scientificfictional variety) informs me that the Blue Point station has been closed down since he wrote the song some ten years ago; otherwise, it is still possible to trace the route the unfortunate narrator of the song follows, on a map of the Long Island Railroad system. (The railroad started spelling "Railroad" as one word rather than two a few decades ago; hence it is proper to abbreviate it "LIR" rather than "LIRR".)

By way of comments:
BAKER AND BLACKMAN: I'm reconsidering my policy on new "Gafiate" verses, but haven't come to a decision yet. Mark, that verse doesn't make an awful lot of sense unless you can see the words and know the button slogan, I fear. Greg, I've got both a "staff" and a "chaff" verse already, so both versions violate the rule; but "staff" being used in a different sense, I may decide to bend the rule in favor of that version.

Boy oh boy, the system has a real knack for picking when to go down...

CHANGE AT JAMAICA FAREWELL

to "Jamaica Farewell"
Key of C

-by- Robert Weinstein

C F
One fine day I made my way

C G C
To see my wife and family in Riverhead.

C F
Boarded a car on the LIR;

C G C
"You must change at Jamaica," the conductor said.

C F
CHORUS: But I'm sad to say, I've lost my way;

G C
I've been riding for many a day.

C F
Been trav'ling through towns whose names seem awful strange,

C G C
'Cause when I reached Jamaica, I forgot to change.

The train pulled out and I had my doubts
As past Locust Manor station we did run,
And then I knew that I was through
When the conductor said, "Next station, Laurelton!"

CHORUS.

At Valley Stream I began to scream,
For I knew tonight I'd never get to bed.
I nearly died when the conductor cried,
"Here's where you change for the shuttle to West Hempstead!"

CHORUS.

Then at a glance I saw my chance:
That train across the track might get me home all right.
With its fine bar and its parlor car,
It lurched majestically into the looming night.

CHORUS.

But as I feared, town names grew weird:
Massapequa, Copiague, Blue Point, Patchogue.
And then, alas, the coup-de-grace:
The engine died, and now I'm stranded here in Quogue.

CHORUS.

My story's through, and I hope that you
Will not forget my warnings: my advice don't spurn.
Where'er you are on the LIR,
You must change at Jamaica, or you'll ne'er return.

And you'll be sad to say, you've lost your way;
You'll be riding for many a day.

You'll travel through towns whose names seem awful strange,
If when you reach Jamaica, you forget to change.

QWXB!!!
in APA-Filk

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION

by Gregory A. Baker
87-50 125th Street
Richmond Hill, NY 11418
Ich bin ein Filkesinger!
for November, 1983

Let's make this apa every other month instead of every three months. It's too easy to miss deadlines because of the infrequent collations, including the last one. Every other month would enable us to correct each other's mistakes more frequently. Furthermore, it would help inspire my Muse, which acts like this:

When I was from Cupid's passions free,
My Muse was active, full of energy.
But now that I am in Cupid's thrall,
My Muse is mute, and rarely works at all.
Whenever I sit down with my guitar,
My Muse is somewhere else, say Hy Brazil,
But whenever I'm in paperwork,
She hovers round my shoulders- that's no thrill.
Apollo, god of poetry and prose,
She's leading me to drink with this abuse!
And I can't turn and punch her in the nose,
She's still a lady, even though a Muse.
So help me please, and let my talent thrive,
Please get a Muse who's not on nine-to-five.

O.K. I've also corrected "I Must Have Done Wrong in My Previous Life." I won't insert all the verses into correct order; just the new ones:

2. If I had a buck for each time of bad luck, then I'd be a very rich man.

The chap of the hour, I'd exercise power, like Godzilla trashing Japan.

If I had a dime for each very bad time, then I'd have the leisure to play

But tax time would come and I'd be very sad when the I.R.S. took it away!

(Chorus)

Next-to-last. I used to have work building cars in Detroit, until I was laid off one day.

And there I sat down, with time on my hands,
Instead of a half-built coupe.

But now I have work building cannons for tanks, with auto-reload.-and-release,

It's a heck of a thing to be worried about, a sudden outbreak of world peace!

QWXB!!!

for November, 1983

Last. The fault, my dear Brutus, lies not in the stars,
but often lies here in ourselves.

And blaming your troubles on past karmic guilt,
is like blaming goblins and elves.

So stand proud and tall, look the world in the eye,
and march to your drummer and fife,

You're living here now and the past can't be changed.
Don't cry for a previous life!

This song which follows is based on the Grenadan War, which John will say is an example of the Great Big United States of America picking on a smaller nation. O.K., John, but the ones which are bigger than us also have nuclear weapons, and Canada is too cold... so why not go south for the winter?

(To the tune of "Matilda")

*"Moscow nights are cold, but
they're crisp and clear,
Let's go south for winter
this year... To Guyanatan"*

Cho. Grenada! Grenada!

Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!

(Sing a little louder)

Grenada! Grenada!

Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!

1. This little island no one knows,
Was good for buffs of U.F.O.s
Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!
2. Then Maurice Bishop came to say,
"Sir Eric Gairy, keep away,"
Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!
3. New Jewel was now the people's friend,
They brought some Cubans to defend,
Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!
4. An airstrip was Grenada's pride,
For use by Fidel Castro's side?
Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!
5. He put the airstrip on T.V.
For everybody else to see,
So what, it's an airport, buddy, don't mess around with
strangers!
6. Then there was then a coup d'etat,
And the Cold War, it turned up hot,
Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers !
7. When Maurice Bishop wound up dead,
Then Ronald Reagan saw bright Red,
Ron Reagan picked up the telephone, talking to the Rangers!
8. Of course, construction workers use,
A set of mortars, 82s
They're good for constructing potholes and shooting at the
Rangers!

Dear Sir,
 I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 15th November 1972, in relation to the above matter.
 The information you have provided is being processed and a response will be sent to you as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully,
 [Signature]
 [Name]
 [Title]

Enclosed for you are two copies of the report referred to in your letter of 15th November 1972.

I am sure you will find this information of interest.

Very truly yours,
 [Signature]

[Name]
 [Title]

Enclosed for you are two copies of the report referred to in your letter of 15th November 1972.

I am sure you will find this information of interest.

Very truly yours,
 [Signature]

[Name]
 [Title]

Enclosed for you are two copies of the report referred to in your letter of 15th November 1972.

I am sure you will find this information of interest.

Very truly yours,
 [Signature]

[Name]
 [Title]

Enclosed for you are two copies of the report referred to in your letter of 15th November 1972.

QWXBII for November, 1983

9. And underneath the tropic heat,
We fought a war with reggae beat,
Grenada, it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!
10. The press was angry, cannot choose
A firefight for Evening News!
Grenada! it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!
11. The moral is as clear as dirt,
You talk with Castro, you get hurt.
Greanda! it got in trouble and someone called the Rangers!

REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION, yet even more verses

All the Neo-Pagan witches
Walk around without their stitches,
Goddess, won't you send them britches,
Lest they catch a cold like me?

Give me that real ACHOO! religion,
Give me that real ACHOO! religion,
Give me that real ACHOO! religion,
(A Kleenex, please for me.)

If you face the Inquisition
And their very holy mission,
You can hold to your position
But don't tell them about me!

If you worship God the Mother
But your God forbids another
Inquisitions you can smother
Preaching Mariology.

If you're sentenced to the fire
and they start to light the pyre,
Then please claim you were a liar,
Lest you burn from head to knee.

REFLECTIONS OF A BORED SPACE TRAVELER

BY Gregory Baker

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over...

The Progress is leaking propellant,
The Salyut is starting to roll,
The Soyuz is losing its power,
What do we do, Mission Control?

You say the relief ship aborted,
You say that we must stay in place,
And see that each problem's reported,
Well, I'm getting tired of space!

We're read every book that you sent us,
There's nothing to do but play chess,
We've done all the work in the lab book,
This flight's a tremendous success!

You say it's not good for a comrade,
To openly say that he's gay,
But I've been here five months with Alex,
And he's looking better each day.

If you wish to hear us not grumble,
If you want to hear us not bitch,
Then call up the Yanks and their
Shuttle,

We're glad to go home on the hitch.

I'm glad that the station's in trouble
I'm glad that there's trouble a-brew,
So hand me my spacesuit - spasibo!
At last there is something to do!

NOTE:

*The Starship Troopers,
with the able assistance
of Fred Kuhn, engineer,
taped a rough version
of our tape. It's
currently awaiting
editing.*

*Carthago delendria
est,
Greg* 00
m

SSSSSSSS	0000000	PPPPPPPP	FFFFFFFFFF	NN	NN	EEEEEEEEEE	NN	NN
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Issue #1, for APA-Filk #20, 11/83

Greetings to all of the APA-Filkers. Some of you I know, some of you I've met once or twice, many of you I haven't yet met. My name is Paul Willett, and some tell me that I know what's going on as far as filking in the Los Angeles/San Diego areas. That may or may not be true.

"SOPFNEN" stands for "Son Of Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non". PFNEN is my monthly filkzine out of the LA filk group, more about which I'll say in a bit. I'm up to issue #24 on that currently, and by the time you read this PFNEN #25 will be out.

This "APA-thing" is new to me still, heard of only in fannish legend. As I understand it, I do a couple pages of interesting stuff and comments on the last issue of your zine, you all do a couple of pages of interesting stuff and comments on the last issue of my zine, somebody puts them all together, and an APA is born. Is that close enough for filk?

Since I've only seen APA-Filk #19 I don't know what has been discussed and what hasn't in the issues previous to this, so I'll have to wait before I throw in my two bits worth on any running discussions. In the mean time, I'm reasonably sure that no one from Southern California has been a contributor yet, so I'll just discuss what's going on in this area and hope for the best.

Two pages of my babblings should be enough to start you all off on, so pages three and four of this contribution are an updated flyer, the likes of which first appeared at ConStellation. If, after reading this, you're interested in back issues of PFNEN and/or a subscription (and I hope you will be), that's the place to look. John Boardman saw the flyer and asked for copies for this APA; my babblings you get as a bonus.

The information contained in this history of LA filking can be used if you're planning on coming out this way for LAcon II or Bayfilk II next year, or to ConChord II in 1985. There are those who would argue that the residents of Los Angeles are alien enough to warrant the need for an English-Angelino translation dictionary, along with your guide to Disneyland and the La Brea tar pits and your handy-dandy guide to earthquakes. I won't comment on mundane Angelinos, but we filkers do use the bardic circle...

The filk movement in LA really got a boost in late '79 and early '80 when three filkers decided that the occasional con in this area of the world just wasn't enough. Gary Anderson, Ron Bounds, and Evelyn Turner got us going as a group.

Unlike the Midwest or East Coast, where cons are many and the distances short, out here it's a long way between cities, and most of us can only get to a con, even a small one, every two months or so. This differs quite a bit from the glories of a con every other week that I've heard about.

There were small filksings at small local cons, Westercons, and Loscons, but these few meetings didn't sate the appetite of the trufen.

Enter the home filk, a filk form that is nearly unique to the West Coast as far as I can tell. We started getting together about once a month in somebody's home for a combination party and filksing, emphasis on the filksinging.

The first such sing was in January '80, and we've kept up for almost four years now. We meet twelve or thirteen times a year with our average crowd being about forty. However, for something like the annual Christmas filk we can get eighty or one hundred people in during the night.

We call ourselves "Filkers Anonymous" and our filk meetings are open to one and all. Depending on where we're getting together we may or may not have some kind of potluck dinner planned. With the sites changing from month to month we may or may not have a piano, crash space, parking, etc...

We in essence create a lot of ultra-cheap, one day, local filkcons.

As for the bigger filkcons, the committee for this year's ConChord was made up of FA regulars, lead by Eric Gerds. Chris Weber, Karen Willson, Tera Mitchel, Carolyn Clemans, my wife, and I made up the rest of the committee.

And already there are plans for "ConChord II: The Sequel" for 1985...

When we first started the FA group we just made up flyers and mailed them out to everyone, passing the hat to pay for postage. This is how the group got started, with names collected at the '79 Westercon in San Francisco.

When the mailing list hit one hundred names this got a little expensive and we needed somewhat

more organization despite ourselves. Since I had access to a silicon-based critter, I took over the list and we switched over to a SASE system.

To this day it works pretty well, a fact which never ceases to amaze me. We decide two months in advance where we're going to meet, and at any given filksing you can pick up the flyer and directions for the following sing. If you don't pick one up there but have an SASE on file, a flyer gets mailed to you, so a stack of SASE's guarantees that you'll always stay up to date. If you don't pick one up and don't have an SASE, you're on your own.

We went to the SASE distribution system in late '81, and it was then that "The Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non" was born. PFNEN #1 was just a four-page flyer mailed out to everyone explaining how our distribution system was going to change.

Strangely enough, I enjoyed doing it. So I just never stopped.

PFNEN #1-#13 contained reports on con filking, upcoming filkcons, filkcon reports, pictures, cartoons, silly stories, articles about filking, and a song or two. It got popular in the LA area. It got big, up to ten pages. It got expensive!

When it hit ten pages a month, at 100 copies, at four cents or a nickle per page, I was pulled aside by friends and it was suggested (kindly, forcefully) that I start charging enough to break even. Thus it was that PFNEN got a cover, lots of songs, artwork, an average of sixteen pages of text per issue, and a \$1 cover price.

I won't go into all of the gory details from there; they can all be found on page four. I'll just hit a few highlights and say that I think you'll see as much or more improvement between issues #14 and #24 as you will between #1 and #14.

One thing that I've done is put a different color cover on each issue. This was a great idea at first, making it easy to distinguish between them. Now I'm just about out of colors, having run through the full spectrum of Simpson papers and AstroBrite. Any suggestions?

Each PFNEN starts with from three to seven pages of text, articles, columns, etc... The remainder of the zine is devoted to songs.

Starting with #20, the text sections of the zine were done up on Durable Dora, my silicon critter. Starting with #21 the text sections have been reduced and put into columns, just as this is, to conserve space and free up room for more songs. It also looks nifty.

The biggest problem (in my opinion) that PFNEN has faced is the lack of decent artwork. So far I've been mostly limited to my own art, which is marginal at best. I have been improving from sheer practice, but that's like saying that bamboo shoots under the fingernails is an improvement over being flayed and rolled in salt. One way or the other my art is torturous.

Help is on the way however. Mel White has finally found me and his first art appeared in #24. I've got a cover from him for issue #25, so things are looking up.

Being a programmer in "real life" and having some decent computer equipment, I guess that it's inevitable that I should let it bleed over into my filk. One project that's been in the works for weeks is a program to use the bit-dot graphics capabilities of the Epson printer to write out music for me. A couple more all-nighters should have that routine done for issue #25 or #26. If you can read Osborne discs and are interested in the program, contact me.

So what's up now and in the near future for LA filkdom in general and PFNEN in particular?

Well, our FA group is getting large enough so that it's getting hard to find houses big enough to put us all in. That may or may not become a more serious problem in the next year. So far we've always been able to find new filksites when necessary, to avoid the need to use any one house more than every few months. At one point this summer we had hosts lined up five months in advance. Recently we've gone down to the last minute before finding hosts.

Bayfilk II will be the West Coast filkcon in March, set for San Jose and run by the Off-Centaur crew (Teri Lee, Jordin Kare, and Cathy Cook) in the San Francisco area. A good percentage of the LA group will be up there.

LAcon II will be the first Worldcon in Los Angeles in more than a decade. The convention facilities are great, assuming that we can avoid conflicts with the mundanes in to see Disneyland or the Olympics, which end just three weeks before the con. The LA filkers will be there in force.

As for PFNEN, #25 will be an anniversary, double issue, assuming that enough submissions are received to fill it. The Christmas issue will be out 12/17/83 and is still open for submissions.

PFNEN has a constant need for submissions. Original music should be sent along so that it also can be printed. Guitar chords should be included whenever possible. All credits should be given if using another's music.

PFNEN also has a need for articles on filking and filking at other cons. If you have a con filk report, send it in!

I "pay" contributors with a free copy of the zine and I try to spread out contributions to give the maximum number of free issues. A number of LA filkers have "free subscriptions" due to a steady stream of stuff.

Subscriptions are available; see page 3 for details. I'm anxious to build up my circulation outside of the LA area and to get comments from filkers around the country.

Hear from you soon!

FILKERS!

There's a new filkzine coming off of the West Coast, and we'd like you to become a subscriber and/or a contributor!

"The Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non" (PFNEN, for short) is published by Paul J. Willett and is an outgrowth of the Los Angeles Filkers Anonymous group. (If you want information on that group, contact PFNEN at the address below.)

The first few pages of each issue are devoted to articles on filking, reports on con filksings, updates on upcoming filkcons, reviews of new filk books and tapes. The rest of the zine is filled with new filksongs, some serious, some not.

Filksongs have recently been published from Leslie Fish, Chris Weber, Karen Willson, Jordin Kare, Cindy McQuillin, Kim Bethel, and Gary Anderson, plus dozens more. PFNEN prints the music also when the tune is new and the music available (90% of the time). Chords are included wherever possible.

PFNEN comes out a bit irregularly since issue dates coincide with the meetings of Filkers Anonymous. Look at the issue dates on the opposite side to see what I mean. But we meet every three to five weeks on the average, twelve to fourteen times a year.

Due to this irregularity, subscriptions to PFNEN are handled on a *advance deposit, standing order* basis. Simply put, you send in whatever amount you want (the advance deposit) and issues are sent to you as they come out (the standing order). With each issue sent you'll get a statement on your account, showing what you've gotten so far and what your account balance is. When your balance gets low, send another deposit to "renew".

Do you want to see your filksongs in print? PFNEN is always looking for good, unpublished material. Anyone who has material (articles, reviews, songs, artwork, etc...) used in PFNEN gets that issue free. A regular stream of submissions could serve as the equivalent of a free subscription. If you're a subscriber and I use your material, both the issue and postage are free.

Delivered by hand (for example, if you live in LA and I'll see you at the Filkers Anonymous sing, or if I'll be seeing you at an upcoming con) PFNEN sells for \$1.00 per issue. By mail, add fifty cents to feed the USPOD.

All back issues of PFNEN are still available. Issues #1-#13 are available as a package for \$3 in person, \$5 by mail. Issues #14 to #22 are available on an individual basis for \$1 in person, \$1.50 by mail. See the opposite side for a summary of back issue contents and features.

If you want to sample PFNEN, send \$1.50 to the address below and a copy of the latest issue will be sent for your perusal.

If you want to order back issues and/or make a subscription deposit, please make your check out to "Paul J. Willett" and mail to:

The Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non
10251 Nottingham Avenue
Westminster, CA 92683

We hope to be hearing from you soon!

PFNEN #1-#13, 89 pages total, \$5 by mail (\$3 for the zine, \$2 for USPOD): The old Philk Fee-Non-Ee-Non. These first thirteen issues cover the time period from 8/4/81 to 9/25/81. A West Coast filk newsletter growing out of the Los Angeles area Filkers Anonymous group. Article highlights include a comparative essay on "Bardic Circles, Performer's Circles, & Eastern Choirs", some thoughts on the '84 LA Worldcon bid, "Filk Meets Hollywood", FUDEE Worldcon bid information, Bayfilk I convention reports (w/photographs), KFH Maxi-Filk report (w/photographs), Westercon '82 filksing report (w/photographs), reviews of "Westerfilk II" and "Massteria", and Ose Quiz #1. One song, "The Bound For Argo Suite", plus a lot of really awful cartoons by your editor.

The following back issues (#14-#24) are available for \$1.50 by mail (\$1 for the zine, fifty cents for the USPOD).

PFNEN #14, 11/13/82, light green cover, 16 pages: Featuring "The Strangest Thing To Ever Hit Chicago" by Rick Foss, "Penitence" & "Watching Plan Nine" by Valerie Richardson, "It All Goes By" by Keith Littlejohn, "Battlescar Dullactica" by Paula Green, "Ramblin' Railway Filker" & "Tomorrow" by Curtis Katz, additional verses to "Banned From Argo", "Marcon Ballroom", & "Proxmire's Salvation", plus other features.

PFNEN #15, 12/11/82, pink cover, 24 pages: Featuring "Loscon Diary" article, "Survivalist Hymn" & "The Astronaut's Song" by Robert Rose, "Tool To Feed The Drive" by Cindy McQuillin, "Gruel To Feed The Hive" by Gary Anderson, "Drive Shaft" by Jordin Kare, "This Sad Bit Of Music", "Neanderthal Engineer", & "Ad Infinitum" by Paul Willett, "Another Circles Song" by Valerie Richardson, "The Liberal Song" & "Thanksgiving Song" by Chris Weber, "Whatzit's Hangover" by Weiss, Joyce, & Gold, "Thank God I'm An SF Fan" by Jane Mailander, "Ringworld Engineers" by Frank Gasperik, additional verses to "Murphy's Law", "Lord Of The Dance", & "Where Can The Matter Be?", plus other features.

PFNEN #16, 1/22/83, yellow cover, 16 pages: Featuring "Pioneers" & "The Ear Plugs Will Follow" by Keith Littlejohn, "IT" by Mistie Joyce, "Proxmire's Salvation" by Paul Willett, "Filker's Anthem" by Glenn Glazer, "High Fly The Nozdru" by Mailander & Rose, "Centauri Fair (To Poor)" by John Platt, "Do You Fear What I Fear?" by Robert Rose, plus other features.

PFNEN #17, 2/12/83, light blue cover, 26 pages: Featuring "Filktrik Diary" article, "Scarlett O'Hara" by Jane Mailander, "Scribeshaft" by Joyce & Weiss, "Werewolf's Lament" by Koslover & McQuillin, "There's Always A Place" by Keith Littlejohn, "Voices" by Valerie Richardson, "Nostalgic Interlude" by Curtis Katz, "High Fly The Nozdru" (Filkgol 2.5 version), plus other features.

PFNEN #18, 4/30/83, tan cover, 18 pages: Featuring "Con-Chord Diary" article, "Ose" by Rich Grigg, "The Band From Argo" by Curtis Katz, "Filker's Crash Theme" by Dobson & Richardson, "True Universal Soldier" by Keith Littlejohn, "Why I Wasn't At The January Filk" by Jane Mailander, plus other features.

PFNEN #19, 5/14/83, goldenrod cover, 12 pages: Featuring reviews of the Weber/Willson wedding, "Space Heroes & Other Fools", Aquacon II, & Science Fiction Weekend, "The LA Limerick Song (Verses 1 & 2)", "Alderaan" by Jane Mailander, "Anomaly Song" by Rilla Parker, "A Cover-Up Done By You" by Steve Smith, "The Dreamers" by Mistie Joyce, "Circuits" by John Platt, plus other features.

PFNEN #20, 6/18/83, dark green cover, 16 pages: Featuring "The LA To Bay Driving Song" & "The FUDEE Marching Song" by Paul & Janet Willett, "The LA Limerick Song (Verses 3-11)", "Fen" by Robert Rose, "Muad'Dib" by Jane Mailander, "Surprise!" & "Indy In Egypt" by Leslie Fish, "Banned From Arco" by Steve Smith, "Bounder, The Red-Nosed Filker" by Bethel & Young, "ET vs. S&B" by John Platt, plus other features.

PFNEN #21, 7/23/83, orange cover, 16 pages: Featuring reviews of "Menolly's Sea Songs" and "Minus Ten & Counting", "All The Con's A Stage" by Bob Passovoy, "Wonder" by Karen Willson, "Security Agent's Hymn" by Weiss & Joyce, "Dorsai Mouse Club March" by Jane Mailander, "Brown Passions" & "Harbors For Optimists" by Robert Rose, "The LA Limerick Song (Verses 12-13)", "The Sci-Fi Loser's Song" by Steve Smith, "Last Of The Jedi Knights" by Chris Weber, "Spaceman's Dilemma" by Leslie Fish, plus other features.

PFNEN #22, 8/13/83, bright yellow cover, 16 pages: Featuring "Ewok's Picnic" by Jane Mailander, "Corflu" by Paul J. Willett, "Hear Them Roar!" by Chris Weber, "When I Was A Vogon" by John Platt, "Insomnia Fandom" and "Boredom Blues" by Robert K. Rose, "March!" by Kimberly Bethel, "Centauri Fair/Canticle" by Jordin Kare, Gary Anderson, & Maura Young, "Space Hero" by Leslie Fish, "Ear To Hear By" by Jordin Kare, plus other features.

PFNEN #23, 9/24/83, bright blue cover, 16 pages: Featuring a Worldcon report, "Reactor Room Reflections" by Jane Mailander, "Just A Genre" by Chris Weber, "Short, Green Passions" & "Two Filkers" by Rick Weiss & Mistie Joyce, "I'm A Wreck" by Paul Willett, plus other features.

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Beyond the Last Visible Dog #1

Written for APA-Filk #20 by
Vinnie Bartilucci, who lives in
a house with the address
45 Newburgh St. Elmont. NY 11003.

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of the Bartilucci Family.

Well here we are at the beginning of the first issue of this
filkzine. What do you think so far? Good. Well, I think I ought to
let you folks know who the fool behind this typewriter is, so here goes. .

My name is Vinnie Bartilucci. I'm a Senior at Chaminade High
School, and I filk. (I never said it would be exciting, folks.) When
I don't filk, I'm president of the Great Intelligence, New York's only
official Doctor Who fan club. (P.O.Box 133, Elmont, N.Y. 11003) I love
to hear filks about anything, but I am currently on a quest for Doctor
Who (kinda obvious) and U.N.C.L.E. filks, of which I know few (enlighten
me!)

Enough about me. (who cheered?) Let's filk. To start the ball
off in my quest, I wrote this little filk.

THE U.N.C.L.E. RAG (I want a Girl . . .)

I wanna be an agent of the U.N.C.L.E.
I wanna work with Napoleon and Mr. Waverly
I'd fight the hordes of THRUSH with great aplomb
I'd never use my pen for phoning home
I wanna be an agent of the U.N.C.L.E. !

(Wait, gang, don't give up, it gets better.)

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG #1

ADD-A-BITS

For those of you who don't have Massteria Strikes Back!, there's a song in it called The Gripe Song, or Bitch, Bitch, Bitch. In it, all the gang from Star Wars whine about their lives. I figures that other folks in SF have things to yell about, so I wrote these verses. The tune is "I Hope That Something Better Comes Along", from The Muppet Movie.

NAPOLCON'S NATTERINGS

I joined up with U.N.C.L.E. to fight THRUSH'S evil.
Not risk my life and limb like Evil Kenivel!
I've got the style, but Illya gets the broads!
I hope that something better comes along.

ARTHUR'S ANGERS

A week ago last Thursday they tried to tear my house down.
I'm now on Magrathea with just my robe on.
I'd rather hear more poetry from a Vagon.
I hope that something better comes along.

There's such a variety,
In every society,
All over this Galaxy.
From Earth to the Frogstar,
Or maybe even farther,
If into trouble you slide,
Just refer to your Guide!

(Spoken) So this is it, we're going to die!

- Two, Three, Four -

I hope to do more (I like this song!)



Neanderthal Norbert
(The world's only
filksinging, hitchhiking
cave man,)
says hello!

APA-Filk #19 X opinions = COMMENTS

SHARE AND ENJOY (Marc Glasser) One reason Leslie Fish isn't in the apa may be the same reason that Roberta Rogow isn't; money (or lack of same.) It sounds cheap, but there is a real world out there. (That's what Roberta told me, anyway.) Or maybe she doesn't like us (who could resist loveable filkfolks like us?)

ANAKREON (John Boardman) It's about time that somebody praised (?) the mapper. My paladin, Shooty Allitnel, (The only paladin that carries a towel,) has been killed many times by monsters who eat our mapper's bread-crumbs trail! (AAAUUUGGGGHHH!!!!)

QWXB!! (Greg Baker) You left out the "V" plots where the kid gets born (a 2-hour special, at least) and the one when the other aliens get here, throw the first ones out, and maintain an occupation base to make sure the first ones don't come back (and we call yet another planet to get them off, ad nauseum.)

Also, is there a way to pronounce "QWXB" without spitting?

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG #1

Scotty is my favorite guy on Star Trek. He is the best engineer in the cosmos, (23% royalties to Dr. Sagan) and has an inferiority complex to match. He is absolutely convinced that the ship will explode every time he turns a screw, and Ghu help em if he has to actually fix something! ("It'll likely overload, Cap'n!") But he's great, and I wrote this in his honor. The song is called "The Scotsman" (fitting,) by Brian Bauers. (I think that's spelled right.) The song has been on Dr. Demento a lot, but I don't know if it's on vinyl. (Someone contradict me on this, please!)

SCOTTY
(Ode to an Engineer)

Now Scotty is the engineer of the Starship Enterprise.
He knows his way around his ship, he is noble, brave, and wise.
But when Jim Kirk insisted that they go to warp eighteen,
Oh, Scotty jumped and yelled and turned a nasty shade of green.
Ring-ding-diddleiddle-la-di-o, Ring-di-iddle-e-i-o,
Oh, Scotty jumped and yelled and turned a nasty shade of green.

The Klingons have attacked the ship, and the damage isn't fun.
The phaser ports are melting, and one warp drive engine's gone!
When the Captain asks if Scotty can repair the ship again,
Scotty says he'll need a whole five minutes, maybe even ten.
Ring-ding-diddleiddle-la-di-o, Ring-di-diddle-e-i-o,
Scotty says he'll need a whole five minutes, maybe even ten.

You've prob'ly wondered what does Scotty do for simple kicks,
He must relieve the tension, so what are his little tricks?
His secret is he spends his time up in a Jeffries Tube*,
Where he has hidden a six-pack of Coors and Rubik's Cube.
Ring-ding-diddleiddle-la-di-o, Ring-di-diddle-e-i-o,
Where he has hidden a six-pack of Coors and Rubik's Cube.

Once on shore leave, Scott got a date with a bonnie Scottish lass
A perfect body, skin of silk, and a tiny little nose
They went up to her bedroom and they sat 'round for an hour,
Then Scotty said, "I canna doo it, I don't have the power!"
Ring-ding-diddleiddle-la-di-o, Ring-di-diddle-e-i-o,
Scotty said, "I canna doo it, I don't have the power!"

*Unless I got the name wrong, a Jeffries tube is that thingy Scotty (or an extra, if it will explode,) climbs into to fix the ship. (It apparently has all the ship's circuitry in it. I seem to remember one in Wrath of Khan. But it wasn't in it on cable, so either HBO edits, or I hallucinate.

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DCG #1

HELP DEPARTMENT

I have been working on this filksong below for some time now, but it seems to be lacking a middle verse (and maybe some better puns,) I'm throwing it open to anyone that wants to help (nag, insult, etc.) it. I think it has promise, but I can't get it finished (I need an intro too.) The tune is "My Old Man's a Dustman," by Lonnie Donnegan.

My dad's a stormtrooper, he works for the Empire,
He wears white plastic armor, and his gun shoots beams of fire.
He spends a lot of time a-shining up that silly suit,
But when he's fully decked out in it, he looks really cute.

One day he was in Mos Eisly, he was looking for two droids,
He tried to question Cbi-Wan, but he pulled a Jedi ploy.
The next thing Dad remembers was their speeder pulling out,
I always thought a Trooper was not one to force about!

My Dad's a stormtrooper, he works for the Empire,
He wears white plastic armor, and his gun shoots beams of fire.
(spoken,) How do you make a light saber?

I dunno, how do you make a light saber?
Don't use heavy metal. (pause for booing.)

What happens if you drink the water
on the the wrong planet?

I dunno, what happens if you drink the water
on the wrong planet?
You get the Kessel Runs!(pause to duck fruit.)

Dad doesn't always like his job, sometimes he must work late,
The salary is not so hot, but the benefits are great!
He can shoot all the rebels that he wants, (He has 42 so far,)
And next year we get a two-week paid vacation on Death Star!

My Dad's a stormtrooper, he works for the Empire,
He wears white plastic armor, and his gun shoots beams of fire.
(Spoken) What would you get if a hippie designed the Imperial
fleet?

I dunno, what would you get if a hippie
designed the Imperial fleet?
Tie-dye fighters!

Why were the people on Hoth sad that Santa couldn't
make it for Christmas?

I dunno, why were the people on the Hoth sad that
Santa couldn't make it for Christmas?
Because they were rebels without a Claus!

Well, thanks for being here, and I hope I'm not the only one who enjoyed
this zine.

Till Yoda guest-hosts The Muppet Sh
this is

Vincent B.



APA-Filk
20
NOVEMBER, 1983



It's lovely, but will it sell?

Ven